

**Warm-up: Revise and Edit**

Directions: Revise and edit the following selection using proofreader's marks. Be sure to give recommendations and correct errors.

Matthew.

Dreams, flashbacks, illusions

I was only 8 years old when my mother and I were coming home from my great uncle bill's funeral in 1997. It wasn't too late, it was around 5pm. It was raining very vigorously and my mom had taken a sharp turn and hydroplaned into a truck. She didn't make it to the hospital in time, but I only had a few cuts and bruises. 9 years. I still have dreams and when I daydream I have flashbacks, every little detail. It destroyed my life, ripped my soul apart. My father had thought it would a good idea to move to west Texas. The house was fairly large. There were only two things, a painting and a stove. The painting stood very tall with a hard metal frame, a man in a suit, and in the corner of the painting in yellow letters "1947".

It seemed to be latched to the wall, not painted or screwed, just. Stuck.

It seemed like this Man was looking at something in particular, not just the camera.

"Matthew!, wake up! We're going hunting!"

As they got into the woods Matthew started seeing odd things, but this man was just, watching them. His dad then walked to check the cameras as Matt waited, as his father returned, he shot him.

"You are going to be just fine here, Matthew, don't you worry about one thing!"

The nurse exclaimed as she walked out of the padded room.